

24

WUNDER,
1000 70 PIECES,
\$3.75.
COTTAGE ENGLISH
STONE, CHINA,
TEA SETS. GUY & BRO.,
343 Bedford St., Boston.
Not near C. & D.

Gen. Horace Binney Sargent, commander of the Massachusetts Department of the G. A. R., will speak at Weymouth on the afternoon of Decoration Day and in the evening he will speak at Neponsetport.

Reopening.

Messrs. French & Bass, of Rockland, whose store was damaged by fire on the 7th ult., will reopen their rooms on Monday, 7th inst.

Willard, J. E. H. Williams.

Voted that the Treasurer be authorized to borrow money for the payment of debts and incidental expenses.

A. J. Richards, Geo. L. Potter, and Darius Smith, were appointed as committee on taxes outstanding.

The Treasurer's report shows the receipts of the year, including money borrowed, to be \$2,235.24; expenses, \$2,285.33; balance against District, \$50.09.

only through the aid of this Soap. It is a powerful cleanser, and at the same time it is perfectly harmless, its use on the skin imparting a softness and flexibility which is really a luxury. Its best recommendation is the testimony of those who have used it, and to our readers who may never have tested its merits, we would say, *give it a trial*, and you will be convinced of the truth of these statements.

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The Weymouth Gazette.
PUBLISHED BY
C. G. EASTERBROOK,
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, AT WEYMOUTH,
MASS.

Business Cards.
Frank W. Lewis,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
37 COURT STREET, BOSTON,
AND
WEYMOUTH, Mass.
Office Hours:—Boston, from 9.30 A. M. to 3.30 P. M.; Weymouth, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

HAY and STRAW!
Bundle Hay and Straw
FOR SALE BY
JOS. LOUD & CO.,
WEYMOUTH LANDING

Don't Forget
B. F. Godwin,
HAIR DRESSER,
JACKSON SQUARE, EAST WEYMOUTH,
27th

M. FRENCH, JR.,
DEALER IN
STOVES, RANGES, CARPET
SWEEPERS, Etc.
TIN ROOFING and JOBBING DONE TO ORDER.
Clothes Wringers Repaired.
COMMERCIAL SQUARE, EAST WEYMOUTH,
25th

A. F. & H. L. Thayer,
Livery Stable
AND BOARDING,
Washington Square,
WEYMOUTH,
27th

Carriages and Harnesses
CONSTANTLY ON HAND FOR SALE
ON EXCHANGE.
NATHAN T. JOY,
Corner of Broad and Middle Streets,
East Weymouth.

HAY and STRAW
FOR SALE.
CONSTANTLY ON HAND, first quality Hay and
Straw, for sale at wholesale and retail, by
BAKERS EXPRESS.
Also constantly on hand, Mineral Salt, for Horses,
Weymouth, April 18, 1877.

DENTISTRY.
NOW is the time for those who want a set
of Teeth to have them. I will manufacture as
good a set of Teeth as can be made on Rubber
FOR TEN DOLLARS,
any time during the year.
TEETH EXTRACTED without pain, by the use of
NITROUS OXIDE GAS, or Ether.
Teeth filled with gold or my own preparation and
Lenses to be cheaply and perfectly fitted up and
labored at reasonable rates.
OFFICE, WEYMOUTH LANDING.
DR. A. G. NYE.

CHARLES Q. TIBBELL,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
OFFICE 20 COURT ST., ROOM 14, BOSTON.
Prompt and careful attention paid to any kind of
legal business.

VIOLINS!
VIOLINS MADE TO ORDER and CON-
STANTLY ON HAND.
Prices from \$20.00 to \$35.00.
Also, on reasonable terms,
Repairing done at short notice.
Please give me a call.
ISRAEL A. DAILEY,
LINCOLN SQUARE,
WEYMOUTH LANDING.

C. L. WELLINGTON,
Cabinet Maker,
Shop at McCornick's Furniture Warehouse,
WEYMOUTH LANDING.

Church and Store Finishing.
CARPENTER'S JOBBING
of all kinds, done at short notice, and
FURNITURE REPAIRED
in the best manner.
BURRELL & HERSEY
Painters and Glaziers,
AND DEALERS IN
Paints, Oil, Glaze, Varnish, Putty, Glue,
(Sole Importers of W. F. Brown's)
Weymouth Landing.

GEO. W. WARREN,
GEO. H. RICHARDS,
DEALER IN
MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING
AND FURNISHING GOODS,
24 AND 25 DOCK SQUARE,
BOSTON

Mrs. L. C. WEBB,
MILLINER,
Second house North of First National
Bank,
Main Street,
South Weymouth,
Where can be found one of the finest
assortments of
Hats,
Velvets,
Ribbons,
Silks,
Flowers,
And to fact everything to be found in a First Class
Store.
Mrs. Webb has just received a case of very fine
French Flowers,
with all the new shades. Also, ORNAMENTS.
Any goods which may not be in stock, will be pro-
cured to order.
All orders promptly attended to. Mrs. Webb in-
vites the people of South Weymouth and vicinity to
give her a share of their patronage.

M. HAWKES,
DEALER IN
HAY, STRAW and
MANURE,
East Braintree, Mass.

Dental Notice!
Dr. Charles R. Greeley
WILL BE AT HIS OFFICE AT
SOUTH BRAINTREE,
In Holbrook's Block,
every day in the week, where you can have your
teeth cleaned, filled, or extracted without pain.
(Gas or Ether given as desired.)
Artificial teeth inserted in the latest improved and
most skillful manner.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
25-150 line a call.

W. F. BURRELL,
TEACHER OF PIANO, ORGAN, AND
CLARINET,
Commercial Square,
EAST WEYMOUTH,
34th

J. AUSTIN DEANE,
DEALER IN
GRAIN,
COAL, & C.
South Weymouth Depot.

G. F. CURTIS,
Wheelwright
—AND—
CARRIAGE BUILDER
Washington Street,
WEYMOUTH, MASS.

CARRIAGES BUILT TO ORDER
AND REPAIRING DONE AT
SHORT NOTICE, IN THE BEST
MANNER.
CAKE, BREADS, IRONING BOARDS, &c.,
MADE TO ORDER.
37th

J. L. WILDES,
PIANO TUNER.
FORMERLY WITH J. C. HAYNES & CO.,
BOSTON.

Address P. O. Box 33 North Weymouth,
or 30 Beach St. Boston.
N. B. CHURCH and CABINET OR-
GANS ATTENDED TO.

A NOVEL INVENTION.
BURNER AND SHADE.
so arranged as to give a splendid light without the
use of a chimney.
NO SMOKE OR SMOEL.
The convenience of burning and paying for a Chi-
nese paper done away with. Call and see it at
S. W. PRATT'S.

Something New!
James I. DeWitt,
HAIR DRESSER,
Holbrook Block. Up one flight.
South Braintree.

MERCHANT TAILORING.
P. F. HOLLYWOOD'S
Is the Best Place in BRAINTREE to get a Good
Fitting Suit. It is the only place at Lowest
Prices. No one but good workmen.
Call and see it at
Curt. Main and GREEN STS.
Brockton, Mass.

CONTINUATION
OF THE GRAND
CLOSING OUT SALE OF
Medium & Heavy Weight
Business Suits.
A LINE OF ALL-WOOL BUSINESS SUITS,
manufactured from heavy-weight, stylish ALL-
WOOL, Broad and single-breasted, and which were sold by
us in January at \$10. We shall close them at
\$8 PER SUIT.
This Suit cannot be purchased outside of our store
today for less than \$12.
A Line of All-Wool
BUSINESS SUITS
manufactured from All-Wool Diagonal Suing, and
which have been sold by us within sixty days at \$10.
We shall close them at
\$10 per Suit.
This Suit is fully \$4 under the market value.
A Line of all-wool
Basket Cloth Coats & Vests
TO MATCH,
manufactured from an all-wool Cloth Coat-
ing, and which were sold by us in January at \$10.
We shall close them at
\$10 for Coat and Vest,
COAT \$8; VEST \$2.
THIS IS A WONDERFUL BARGAIN.
IN OUR
BOYS & YOUTHS
DEPARTMENT
WE HAVE A JOB LOT
Boys' All-Wool Suits,
AGES 4 TO 10 YEARS,
\$3; Former Price \$4.
JOB LOT
Boys' All-Wool Suits,
AGES 4 TO 10 YEARS,
including some of our finest styles, which have
been sold by us within sixty days at \$4.50 and
\$5.00. We have placed them all together upon a
lot, and marked them down to a uniform price of
\$4 per Suit.
Some of this lot is in suits, and at the above price,
less than 50 cents on the dollar.
JOB LOT
Young Men's all-wool Suits
AGES 10 TO 14 YEARS, including some eight
or ten styles, which have been sold by us within
sixty days at \$10, \$12, \$15 and \$18 per suit. We
have consolidated the entire lot, including all the
styles, and have marked them in a uniform price of
\$7 per Suit.
The above goods are all heavy-weight, and the
material from which they are made is more than
double the price per yard of light-weight, slay ex-
ceptions. We consider all the above-named articles
extraordinary bargains.

WILMOT'S,
No. 263 Washington Street,
Opposite Water Street,
BOSTON.

AETNA
IMPROVED
SEWING MACHINES,
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.
No Canvassers Employed.
But the Large Company usually paid to agents
allowed to Customers who purchase for Cash at our
office.
\$60 Dollar Machines for \$25.
All other styles in same proportion. Every Ma-
chine WARRANTED NEW.
Call and examine at our office for Circular.
H. S. WILLIAMS, Manager.
24 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

Leave your Orders
JOB PRINTING
AT THIS OFFICE, OR WITH
JOHN P. DAILEY, Business Ag't.
42 PATRIOTIC WORK INDUSTRIES, INSTEAD OF
CITY ENTERPRISES.

W. O. FAXON, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
HOLBROOK BLOCK,
South Braintree, Mass.
Reference: David Thayer, M. D., Boston; Jas.
L. Swan, M. D., Cohasset; W. E. C. Swan, M.
D., Braintree; J. P. A. M., 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 P. M.
24th

WEYMOUTH & BRAINTREE
Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
OF WEYMOUTH.
Insures Dwellings, and other Buildings
not extra Hazardous,
and their contents, at as low rates as any other re-
liable Company.
Amount at Risk April 1, 1877, \$1,812,374.00
Amount of Assets, " " \$3,920.98
N. L. WHITE, President.
ELIAS RICHMOND, Secretary.

JOSIAH E. RICE & SON,
Funeral Undertakers,
EAST WEYMOUTH.

W. F. HATHAWAY, M. D.,
RESIDENCE,
NORFOLK ST., WEYMOUTH
Office Hours:—9 to 9 A. M. 1 to 5 P. M. 7 to
9 P. M.

E. C. BUMPUS,
Office, Boston Post Building,
Milk, near Washington St.,
BOSTON.

LITERATURE.

DECORATION DAY, MAY 30, 1877.

Brothers below'd, to memory dear,
Again your comrades muster here,
To crown your graves with flowers.
Again recall those scenes gone by,
The shout of death or victory,
For your remains to care.
Kindred and friends are with us joined,
A patriotic host combined,
For your remains to care.
Your bodies lie beneath the sod,
Your spirits with our Father God,
Your country's blessings share.
Rest—rest in peace—again we'll come,
When sounds the decoration drum;
Your memory shall not die,
Again to your bright home above,
Will rise the notes of changeless love,
A nation's eulogy.

POLLY'S BLUE RIBBONS.

Would you like to hear how the fact
of blue seeming green at night went
far to rob poor little Polly Potters of
her peace of mind, for a time at least?
Severe were the pangs she suffered in
consequence of this "optical illusion."

Polly was a bright, sweet little thing,
with just that lovely complexion that
could fearlessly face green or any other
color; so it was not that that was the
cause of her trouble—far from it; she
had too little vanity to have grieved for
a thing of that sort, even if her face had
not been such a peach blossom. Polly
had half a dozen lovers, but two of them
were very special lovers indeed; one
she liked, liked more than she would ad-
mit even to herself; the other she did
not care for at all, but was civil to him;
partly because she liked his sister and
didn't like to hurt her feelings, and
partly because she was a little vain, and
Polly was a smart little maid, could
make one's mouth water to look at;
could, and did, make shivers for her
father that actually fit so well that he
could not fit better—a thing seldom
known in the history of man. She un-
derstood cooking in its various branches,
and also knew how to make her own
dresses and bonnets as well as need be;
and with it all was very agreeable in
the way of talking, and listening to other
people talking. No wonder that she
had half a dozen lovers—it was only a
wonder that she did not have more.

Tom Wilton, the favored one, was a
manly, true-hearted young fellow, lov-
ing Polly more than death, and faith-
fully; but he was timid about his love, and
was of his own good qualities, consid-
ering himself not half good enough for
Polly. Ned Dyer, on the contrary,
thought himself quite good enough for
any body. He was fully aware of Pol-
ly's merits; but as he also had an ex-
alted idea of his own, he thought a match
between them would be a very even af-
fair.

There was to be a party in the neigh-
borhood—and a party in the country is
a party. No going to two or three of
them in one evening; no dropping in
for an hour or so and then hurrying on
to the next place; but a regular setting
out for spending the whole time in one
house, and making the very best of it
while there. Of course everybody was
invited, and Polly chief among the number.

She decided to dress in white muslin,
and talked it over with her mother at the
breakfast-table, while her father, wor-
thy farmer Potters, listened with in-
terest.

"If I got any new ribbons, moth-
er," said she, "my pink ones are as
good as new, and I'll wear those."
The farmer smiled to himself; he was
going to the town that day, and he
would bring his Polly new ribbons.
She was a girl in a thousand. Here
there was a party coming off the next
night, and the quite satisfied with the
things she already had; so the farmer
resolved he would surprise her on his
return. Accordingly, after getting
through all his other matters, he ap-
plied himself to the important work of
selecting the ribbons. Deep were his
ponderings as the bright colors were
unrolled before him—broad ribbons for
the hair and throat. The rival beauties
of blue and green were too much for
him.

"Give me both!" said he, bringing
his hand heavily down on the counter,
and thought, "Polly can decide; and
then she will have another set for next
time." An unfortunate decision for
Polly.

When Mr. Potters returned the sun
was near setting, and Polly was seated
on the broad porch with her two lovers,
each one having ridden over to ask her
if he might escort her the next night;
and each had come at that hour for fear
the other would arrive first, in conse-
quence of which they reached the house
about the same time. But Polly could
not go with either, as she had promised
to spend the afternoon with Kate
Haynes, the giver of the party, for the
purpose of assisting her. While chat-
ting about the party Mr. Potters drove
up, and after giving Polly a hearty
kiss, and after giving her a hearty
kiss, he proceeded to unfold his ribbons. Great
was Polly's delight, both with the rib-
bons and the affection that prompted
the getting of them. Mrs. Potters was
called out at once, and was as pleased
as Polly. Altogether Mr. Potters felt
that he had achieved a success, and was
proud of himself.

"Why do women make a fuss about
shopping?" said he, swelling with pride;
"it is rather a easy thing, I take it."
Polly sat between her two lovers with
the ribbons spread out on her lap, her
head on one side, surveying the two
colors with a critical eye: the green lay
next to Ned Dyer; Tom Wilton gently
took hold of an end of the blue.

"Wear the green, Polly," said Ned,
in a lover-like tone; won't you?"
Polly gave a side glance at Tom; the
green decided her not to do it. She
gathered up the ribbons carefully and
stood up; Mr. and Mrs. Potters turned
to go in the house, and in the little still-
Tom also rose and seized the opportu-
nity to whisper—
"Polly, will you wear the blue for me?"
"No, Polly—won't you?"
Polly's color rose brightly to her
cheeks—she looked as sweet as a fresh
rose; but before she could answer Ned
interposed:
"Which color will it be, Polly?"
"Oh! you'll see to-morrow," she an-
swered, gayly, and ran into the house.
By the time she returned two of her
young friends were there, and the con-
versation rattled on without further al-
lusion to the ribbons.

The next afternoon Mr. Potters drove
Polly over to the scene of action; her
white muslin and blue ribbons carefully
laid in an immense old-fashioned band-
box of her mother's, together with the
other necessary items. She was warm-
ly welcomed by Kate Haynes and her
mother, both being well aware of Pol-
ly's valuable qualities.

The rest of the day was spent in ac-
tive preparations, and the sun was near
setting when Polly went up stairs to
dress for the evening. She blushed
with pleasure as she mumbled the pretty
blue ribbons, and her heart beat fast as
she anticipated Tom's glance of delight
on seeing them, saying to herself, with
a toss of the head: "The green, in-
deed!"

Kate tied the sash and neck-ribbon
for her, letting the long ends fall be-
hind, and then surveyed her with pleas-
ure, she looked so sweet and fresh.
"A lovely blue," said she; "just the
color of your eyes, Polly."

The company soon began to arrive,
but Tom and Ned did not make their
appearance till after candle-light; Polly
was not aware of their entrance till she
found Ned leaning over her with a
beaming look, and saw Tom at a short
distance regarding her with an expres-
sion she could not comprehend. It was
such a combination of disappointment,
wounded feeling, and mortified pride.

"Surely," thought she, "the don't
mind Ned being by me, when he must
see that I have on the ribbons he asked
me to wear. I think it is enough for
me to do that; he has no business to
take airs; he can't have every thing—
just at once."

But Tom did not come near her, and
Polly's tender heart sank low and
lower. It was a severe task to laugh
and look gay when she felt so miserably
and so perplexed; a task given to
many a woman; but Polly was a brave
little thing and went through it well.
She didn't run into desperate dithering
as some do on these occasions, but she
danced with all who asked her, and
laughed and talked, putting Ned aside
with a quiet tact that he could not over-
come; if he laughed had a note of shrill-
ness in it, and her cheek a more crim-
son flush than usual, what was there in
that more than the excitement of the
moment?

At length it was all over, and the
guests began to disperse; poor Polly
would gladly have gone too, but she
had promised to stay all night.

When all had departed she said to
Kate,
"I think I'll go up stairs at once,
Kate, I am so tired."
For she was to share Kate's room,
and felt that she must have a few min-
utes to herself; the strain was too great.
"Certainly, dear; don't wait for me,"
replied Kate.

On reaching the privacy of the bed-
room Polly walked up and down with
her hands tightly clenched. Oh! what
had made him behave so? And then, to
top, after she had favored him so far as
to wear the blue. At this thought Pol-
ly's cheeks glowed with proud blushes,
while her head rose haughtily. But
while soon sank; and oh! what a relief
it would have been had she only had an
opportunity to cry; but she did not dare
to do that. On the contrary, she
pressed her fingers against her eyes, and
nearly choked in her efforts to keep
down the swelling sobs. Presently she
thought she heard Kate coming, and
hastily began to undress. First she un-
tied the ribbon in her hair and took it
off; but just as she was about to put it
on, she started as though it were a
snake, and stood transfixed, gazing at it.
Was it possible? It couldn't be. The
green ribbon, and yet there it was—
green as emerald. She looked down at
the sash; a bunch of violets at her waist
had prevented her particularly noticing
it; but now that her attention was at-
tracted to it she saw plainly enough that
each and all were green. Now Tom's
coolness was accounted for. Poor Pol-
ly! She came nearer crying than ever;
and it required all her pride and spirit
to enable her to hide her emotion from
Kate's attentiveness. Fortunately, Kate's
mind was so full of the various events
of the evening in connection with her-
self that she did not notice Polly as she
might have done. The only remark she
made that all bore upon Polly's trou-
bles was the following:

"Did you know that your ribbons look
green at night, Polly? They answer two
purposes—you can have blue or
green, whichever you like, provided you
want green at night."

Which was not at all what poor Polly
had wanted.
She was not hopeful in regard to see-

ing Tom the next day—she felt a pre-
sentiment which turned out to be a true
one, as it sometimes happens after fail-
ing ninety-nine times. She did not see
him for two weeks, in consequence of
his having sprained his ankle going
home the night of the party. Those
were two weeks of such pain to poor lit-
tle Polly that it gave her a pang for
years after just to think of them. The
disstress of knowing that Tom was not
only suffering, but also thinking her in-
different about him—the deadly fear
that he would never know the truth
concerning the ribbons, and would con-
sider her having worn green as equiv-
alent to a rejection—together with a con-
stant effort not to let anybody at all
suspect that she was in the least trou-
bled, such a strain upon her nerves that
at last healthy little Polly had a suc-
cession of nervous headaches, something
she had never had in her life before and
could not at all understand.

Tom, meanwhile, had been greatly
cast down by the sight of the green rib-
bons, which were more than Ned was,
he being correspondingly joyous. How-
ever, just as Tom was departing he saw
a little incident that was quite com-
forting to him. He saw Ned so decidedly
"snubbed" by Polly that he was sure
her wearing green was not done as an
act of favor to him. This circumstance
did much to keep up Tom's spirits dur-
ing the two weeks, and, in spite of all
his doubts and fears, he found his way
to Polly's abode as soon as his ankle
was fit for service.

Polly was sitting by the window and
saw Tom coming up the lane; the sight
threw her into such a flutter that her
only thought was to escape at once to
the shelter of her own room; having
gained it she stood breathless, listening
intently. She heard the hearty salu-
tation from her father and mother; the
cordial invitation to stay to tea, and
then her father calling to one of the
boys to put Tom's horse in the stable.
He was going to stay to tea then, and
here a bright thought struck Polly;
blushing and half ashamed, she never-
theless proceeded to carry it out. She
put on a pretty blue and white muslin,
and with it the same neck and hair
ribbons she had worn at Kate's party; then,
outwardly composed and inwardly all in
a commotion, she went down stairs, wel-
coming Tom in a shy way that he found
very gratifying, though she said scarce-
ly anything at all. He noticed the blue,
of course, and saw it with a dash of
pleasure; but that was only half of Pol-
ly's misadventure; the other part came
when they were in the parlor after tea,
the evening being grown too cool to
sit on the porch. When the emmes
were lighted Tom saw with a start of
surprise that Polly's ribbons had put
on their green hue.

"I thought," said he, with a slight
snarl in his voice, "that you had on
blue ribbons when you came down
stairs."

Polly blushed, but stood firm. "So
they are blue," she replied, looking as
innocent as possible; "they are the ones
father got me the day before Kate
Haynes's party; you see they are blue
by day and green by night."

She gave one swift glance at him, and
saw his face light up with hope and joy.
"Oh, Polly! did you wear the blue
ribbons that night when he whispered,
fondly, drawing nearer, 'did you wear
them for me?'"

Polly answered that and a still more
important question in so satisfactory a
manner that Tom declared himself the
happiest fellow in the world; and, what
was more, he declared to the end of his
days that he never was such a treas-
ure as his Polly, and never a more for-
tunate man than he in winning her.

THE FLORIDA COAST.
If you will look at the map of Flori-
da, away down the eastern coast of the
finger-like peninsula you may see a
spot marked "Jupiter," or "Jupiter In-
let." It is probably the most inaccessi-
ble and barren nook on the whole
Florida coast, and can be reached only
in light-draught boats, sailing the
whole length of the Indian river.
Sharp coral reefs fringe its shore, and
high billows of white sand, sprinkled
with thick clumps of scrub and cactus,
rear their heads above the inlet. The
lively sand-crab catches flies on the
beach, and huge turtles deposit their
eggs in the sand. This attracts scores
of bears from the swamps and ham-
mocks bordering the Everglades; for
to them the turtle and its eggs are a
delicious delicacy. Spotted thrashers
play among the sand-hills by moonlight,
and the fierce panther prowls along the
shore in quest of king crabs or more
substantial diet. The largest panther
ever seen in the State was shot in this
region by the keeper of the lighthouse.
It was as formidable as a royal Bengal
tiger and measured over thirteen feet
from snout to tip.

The shallow salt water swarms with
fish. Schools of mullet and pompano
dash in the sunlight, and cavalla, bone-
fish, bluefish, red bass, drum, snappers
and groupers are here in myriads.
Jewish have been caught weighing
over 500 pounds. Sawfish, the size of
young whales, surge through the nar-
row channels, and ray-finned sharks
from 12 to 20 feet in length keep a rigid
blockade outside. As the tide rises the
fish come within the inlet in search of
prey. The bass and other fish that
have been feeding upon the mullet be-
come in turn the victims of the shark.
The smaller fish dart to and fro, making
the water boil in their efforts to escape.
Millions are slowly but surely driven
into a small bay by the sharks, who

whip the waves into foam in their hun-
gry fury. Penned at last the doomed
fish leap in the air with terror, and
shoals of them run ashore. The sharks
charge with a rush. Their jaws snap
like pistol shots, and mutilated fish are
scattered over the water. Schools of
porpoise join in the slaughter, and oc-
asionally an old, alligator shores off
from the shore, slinks himself like a
submarine battery, and steals a boun-
tiful meal.

Nor is an alligator the only free-feed-
er. The air is filled with thousands of
blue-feathered terns and gulls. Full
well do they understand the situation.
The rush of their wings is like a breeze
in a forest of pines, and their screams
are deafening. By platoons they rush
into the agitated water, and soar off
above the roaring surf, each with a fish
in his bill. The very air sparkles with
fish, for the gulls toss their victims up
until they catch them by the head.

Then they are easily bolted. High
above the terns float flocks of grey
pelicans, larger than geese, and grave
and formal as judges. The wind whis-
tles beneath their great wings, and they
make no audible expression of satisfac-
tion. Dropping into the waves with a
great splash, and after a few lubberly
maneuvers they fill their pouches, and
sail away as though the whole affair
had been arranged for their own exclu-
sive benefit. A party of stalwart her-
ons pace the strand in their Austrian
uniforms, and pick up the tiny silver
fish slopping ashore during the gen-
eral commotion. And last and least,
our little Northern kingfisher, clad in a
sky-blue suit, springs his little rattle,
and hangs on the outskirts of the bat-
tle, picking up choicest tidbits. Such
is an every-day scene at Jupiter during
the summer and fall.

The inlet is very shallow. Its bed is
detached coral rocks, covered with sea-
green moss. These moss beds that pe-
culiar shell known as "bleeding teeth."
At low tide the water rushes over these
rocks, forming rapids like those on
some Canadian streams. Banks of
sand appear at the foot of the rapids,
and are washed by the breakers of the
Atlantic. The tide sets in with won-
derful force. The current is very
strong, and the banks and flats inside
are quickly flooded. Immense eddies
are formed, and strange as it may
seem, these eddies are the cause of the
finest fly-fishing in the world. The bone-
of lake fish, bluefish, snapper, and cav-
alla take a fly with the voracity of a
brood hawk. Gamey as the bluefish,
the ladyfish is the superior. The latter
is very long and slender, covered with
small silvery scales. It has a broad
head, a large and expressive eye, fine
sharp teeth, and like that of a trout,
it reaches ten pounds in weight.

A lighthouse is the only sign of civi-
lization at Jupiter. It towers 160
feet from a sand hill on the main land,
and is a plain brick shaft crowned with
a revolving light. Heavy eastern gales,
combined with the action of the gulf
stream, sometimes shut the inlet.
About fifteen years ago a storm closed
the gap. Billions of salt water fish
were dammed in. Then a long rainy
season followed. The Jupiter, North
Altogether and Lake Worth rivers,
which empty into the Indian river with-
in a mile of the inlet, poured out vol-
umes of fresh water, but the ocean had
done its work well, and the dam re-
mained intact. The fresh water passed
through Hope sound and forced its way
to sea through Indian river inlet, fifty
miles north of Jupiter.

The salt water at Jupiter became
fresh. Trillions of haddies and hermit
crabs gave up the ghost. The man-
grove tree turned a sickly yellow, and
the thousands of insects that draw
their nourishment from the saline
marshes disappeared. Schools of black
bass left the fresh water streams and
appeared at Jupiter. Solid acres of
salt water fishes piled themselves into
the height of the inlet, and fought for
the sea water that oozed through the
sand at high tide. The alligators of
the Everglades got wind of what was
going on. They came down the Alho-
kechutcho and Lake Worth creek in
scores, and attacked the fish dammed
in the light. The slaughter was as-
tounding.

The water turned to blood and was
carpeted with dead fish. The alliga-
tors were re-forested until their num-
ber was estimated at five hundred.
They gorged themselves with fish, and
lozed away their days on the hot sand
beneath the scorching rays of the sun.
The beach was black with their matted
bodies. At night their muffled thun-
der fairly shook the foundations of the
lighthouse.

One day a north wind arose. It
gathered in strength day by day until
its fury was that of a gale. It began
to back up the water in the inlet.
It rained, and the waters increased in
depth. The wind shifted to the north-
west. A high heap tide followed. As
it began to fall, a threat of fresh wa-
ter found its way over the sandy bar-
rier. Within twenty minutes the dam
was burst, and the pent-up waters
were rushing and racing to the sea.
The army of alligators was caught in
the flood and carried outside. A
terrible fight ensued. The map tide
had brought hundreds of enormous
sharks to the coast. They scented the
fresh water and made for the inlet.
Frenzied after their enforced fasting
they attacked the alligators. The
noise of the combat was heard above
the roar of the ocean.

Many of the killed floated belly up-
ward, and were afterward rocked about
by the waves. For days their bodies
drifted to the beach. The dead alliga-
tors had lost their legs and tails. The
sharks in some cases were nearly bitten
into two pieces. The current of the
Gulf Stream stirred the shores as far
north as Cape Mable with their cas-
es. Clouds of buzzards, and even the
Bahama vultures were drawn to the
beach by the offal.

Whittlings.
—Allen Hannah of Jersey City was
recently married to Miss Hannah Allen.
The late Mrs. Hannah Allen is now
Mrs. Hannah Hannah, and is probably
the only woman in the world who can
spell her entire name backward and

"I am a man, and feel an interest in all that pertains to my fellow men," said an ancient Roman orator or poet. In the spirit of this intemperate thought, the brave men who imperiled their lives in the defense of the Union during the war of the rebellion, went forth at the call of their country, to battle for the rights of humanity as expressed in the immortal declaration—"the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"—rights which were unknown to millions who were groaning in the galling chains of slavery. The sands of these champions of human rights survive only in the memories of kindred and the comrades who with them endured the privations and perils of the terrible struggle, and it is peculiarly fitting that these memories should be strengthened by the annual recurrence of the services of Decoration Day—a day which has become one of the prominent observances of the year, and has produced a marked degree of public interest in all that pertains to the welfare of the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic.

This public interest is, in itself, a source of national strength, keeping alive the sentiment of devotion to the principles of liberty on which our government alone can rest secure; and as an educator of the rising generation, who are to become the active workers in the various departments of life when present generations slumber in the dust, these observances are calculated to foster, in youthful minds, a love of country and a devotion to its welfare which will produce marked results for national good in future eventful periods of its history.

There is another feature of importance connected with this subject, which appears with much force to the sympathies of the people of this State, and which calls for more expressive manifestation of interest in the welfare of the surviving soldiers than were words of praise for service rendered. The Commander of the Department of Massachusetts has given timely expression to a projected plan for establishing a Soldiers' Home, where hundreds of now returned from the field disabled by wounds or just recovering from the fatigues of long marches and exposure, could find needed assistance and shelter.

General Sargent says, in his circular calling public attention to the subject, that "Gratitude to our disabled veterans demands a place of rest this side of the grave. One title of the sum required to preserve a historic monument of the patriotism of our fathers will preserve from anguish many a hundred shattered monument of the patriotism of their not less heroic sons. The tears of the nation are not yet dry. The hearts of the people are still grateful and warm. The mutilated survivors of a recent war, to whose twenty-eight hundred fights the battles of the Revolution were lost, still stand, and must stand on the battlefield and beg their way as paupers. A government or just people will not refuse \$50,000 for a soldier's home, in the very Commonwealth that retains and exalts as a monument of her glory, two hundred and sixty-nine of her beloved and battle-faded standards, yet crisscrossed with the blood of these appealing men, who never lost a State banner, and who brought these battle-faded homes to this country. The immediate combined action suggests that every Post Commander at once organize a committee of comrades or patriotic citizens, to canvas his neighborhood for subscriptions to purchase 'A Soldier's Home' in Massachusetts, under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic; that the aid of patriotic women be most respectfully entreated; that the local clergyman be fervently implored to preach, and to take up a collection, in aid of the project, on the Sabbath preceding or following the coming Memorial Day; that a public meeting be called for the evening of that day, in each town, for the purpose of presenting to our charitable fellow-citizens—both men and women—the pressing necessity for immediate assistance towards the purchase of a Soldiers' Home, now ready, furnished, and waiting only the funding of the project; and that the same be done in every town and city in the Commonwealth."

Turning to the more immediate local observance of the day, we reproduce, by request of the General Order of the Commanders of the Grand Army of the Republic, the following program of the services of the day, as given in the Town Hall in the evening, under the auspices of the Post.

The management of the services of the day, and the singing of the songs, will be under the direction of the following program of the services of the day, as given in the Town Hall in the evening, under the auspices of the Post.

PROGRAMME.

1. Overture. "The March of the Minutemen." Auber.

2. Quartet. "The Patriotic Song." E. H. Bicknell.

3. Solo. "The Patriotic Song." E. H. Bicknell.

4. Solo. "The Patriotic Song." E. H. Bicknell.

5. Solo. "The Patriotic Song." E. H. Bicknell.

6. Solo. "The Patriotic Song." E. H. Bicknell.

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TOWN AND VICINITY.

Fire Department.

The Building Committee chose at the town meeting have been examining and resurveying sites for engine houses and residences in the various wards. A location for the house in Ward Five has been selected on the lot of land lying between Front and Main streets, in front of the residence of Mr. Peter Garrison. This is at the extreme west part of the Ward, and about 12 miles from the village at Lovell's Corner. It is claimed by some of the residents at the village that an engine house located at the two extremes of the Ward, the distance between them being so great that the protection required at the Corner is not provided by an engine so far away from the village. The location of an engine at the point selected by the Committee, however, is a public necessity, and it would be desirable for the town to increase its provision for protection against fire by adding another machine in Ward 5.

At East Weymouth the Committee have located the house on the Lockport lot of land, there being just enough space remaining to place the house. The houses will be about 24 feet, furnishing sufficient accommodation for the engines and ladder trucks. The second stories will be finished for halls, for meetings.

Reward of Merit.

The barrel of flour which was to be donated to Mr. Obed Raymond, of the Weymouth Reform Club, on condition of total abstinence, was delivered by Mr. Obed Raymond, on which the young man started up and struck Donovan with a stone, cutting a severe gash in his head. Messrs. Michael and F. L. Loring, who happened to be near, grabbed the assailant and "bore him tenderly" to the lock-up, where officer Diney gave him an opportunity to repent under lock and key. He was taken to the Court at Quincy on Monday, and owing to extenuating circumstances was let off with payment of costs.

Sabbath Observances.

A young man, overcome with the "bite of a serpent," was reclining on some steps in Rockville, last Sunday, when he was requested to move on by Mr. Daniel Donovan, on which the young man started up and struck Donovan with a stone, cutting a severe gash in his head. Messrs. Michael and F. L. Loring, who happened to be near, grabbed the assailant and "bore him tenderly" to the lock-up, where officer Diney gave him an opportunity to repent under lock and key. He was taken to the Court at Quincy on Monday, and owing to extenuating circumstances was let off with payment of costs.

Change of Time.

The regular Thursday evening meeting, held in the vestry of the Union Church, will commence at 7-15, and not at 7-30 as hitherto.

Stawberry Festival.

The ladies of the Union Religious Society, will give a Strawberry Festival on Thursday evening, May 25, in the Lecture room of the church. The programme will embrace tableaux and music, after which strawberries and ice cream will be for sale. Cake and coffee free.

Robbery.

The Broad St. school-house was broken into last night, admittance being gained through a window. The desk was robbed of pencils, etc.

RECAPITULATES REYNOLDS POST.

No. 28, DEPT. OF MASS., G. A. R. South Weymouth, May 24, 1877.

GENERAL ORDER.

In accordance with Article 1, Chapter 5 of the Rules and Regulations establishing a Memorial Day, the 30th day of May, annually, the members of this Post will prepare and deliver an appropriate address in the presence of the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the citizens of the town, at the hour of 10 o'clock, A. M., on the 30th day of May, 1877.

The Commander earnestly trusts that every member of the Post, will, when it is possible, place himself in the ranks on this day, and with fragrant flowers, which are the emblem of the spirit of spring, and in performing those tender services, that lead to keep in fresh remembrance the heroic deeds of those who fought and died for their country.

The following order of exercises has been decided upon, and will be followed, unless otherwise directed by the Commander.

I. The Post will rendezvous at 7 o'clock, at the Post Office, at South Weymouth, at half past seven o'clock, (7:30) on the morning of the 30th.

The Weymouth Landing and the Weymouth Landing, will report at the same time and place.

Comrade John H. Weldon, as Officer of the Day, will march at the head of the column, and directing instructions from the Commander, will lead the column.

The Adjutant will detail two experienced color bearers, and six veteran soldiers for color guard, all of whom will march in the ranks, and will be in charge of them during the day.

The Grand will march with the Springfield Rifles and the March in the ranks, and will be in charge of them during the day.

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THE PATRIOT DEAD.

Burning Accident.

Last Saturday, two boys, named Lewis Bates and James Lee, obtained possession of a quantity of powder, and proceeded to the little in the rear of Mr. J. L. Bates' store, for the purpose of firing it. They first fired a small quantity of the powder, but, losing the barrel of the gun, and the powder, who held the gun containing the remaining powder, poured the entire contents upon the flames, and an explosion ensued, setting Lee's clothes on fire. Upon seeing this Lee ran to the pump in the square and jumped into the trough, which fortunately was full of water, and aided by a teamster who was passing, extinguished the flames. Not only were his clothes entirely spoiled, but he was severely injured, and will not probably be out for some time. Bates suffered also from powder burns about the face, but will soon be all right. Mr. Tinkham was called to attend the cases, and under his skillful hands the boys have the best of care.

Boatmen.

Mr. Brooks, who has charge of the Tufts place, has forbidden all boats from passing from the railroad crossing to the narrow cut in the railroad at this point, which has for years been the favorite mooring grounds of a large number of boats, and no objection has ever been raised to the placing of skiffs upon the shore. The distance from the street to the beach, is about 50 feet, with a beaten path some 20 feet, the rest of the way being made up of mud and gravel.

Another gentleman has also objected to boats being moored upon his shore. Mr. N. L. White has land running down to the flats, and in order to get to his boats, the owners must pass over his land; hence this, while large, is a chance to let it be a mooring ground. A fence is to be built around the headland, to protect the grass land from those who are accustomed to go over it.

Base Ball Notes.

The person interested in Base Ball assembled Saturday afternoon at Lovell's Corner, where they prepared to form a club for the coming season.

Four individuals were selected from each ward, and from these two lines were selected and a very skillful contest game was played. The following persons composed the two lines chosen:

W. Arnold, C.

E. Cullen, F.

H. Lane, 1st B.

W. Porter, 2d B.

John Shaw, 3d B.

T. Murphy, S. S.

W. H. Lane, 1st F.

C. Nash, C. F.

T. Mulligan, R. F.

The nine opposed to them, and the one which proved to be the better nine, was as follows:

J. Nolan, C.

Chas. Nash, F.

W. Condit, 1st B.

H. Lane, 2d B.

Geo. Fay, 3d B.

The Weymouth Gazette.
C. G. EASTERBROOK, EDITOR.
This local paper has an extensive circulation in the
vicinity of Weymouth, and is a valuable medium for
advertising.

Letters from Spain.
BY HENRY DAY, ESQ.

BARCELONA.
All Spanish cities are old and Barcelona is the most ancient. The local historian is fond of claiming Hercules as the founder of this city 400 years before Romulus was born. He does it, it may be, but the name of Hercules is a name of a hero, and Hercules has been a famous poet ever since. It is probably the richest and most enterprising of all the Spanish cities. Like Venice and Genoa, it was a great harbor or rather a great inland city, and it was to be the harbor of the world.

AN OIL TOWN.
Barcelona is a new village, it calls itself a city in the oil region of Pennsylvania. The 3,000 inhabitants live in houses that have neither light nor plaster, and altogether the place is like those that grow suddenly in Western mining districts. There are five large banks, a variety of theatres, and uncounted liquor saloons. To offset them there is one small church. New and profitable work has recently been done in the neighborhood as the cause of Barcelona's existence. It is at one end of a narrow-gauge railroad, that a correspondent of the Chicago Times describes as follows: "It runs around an abandoned city, truly refreshing. It skips over hills and down precipices, dodges around big stumps, straddles deep gorges on hooped stilts that twist and bend beneath its tread and threaten to send the traveller 300 feet into eternal smash every moment, hangs by one foot on the side of the mountain's steep walls, bounds around curves like a contortionist, runs on the wheels of one side, bumps the cars around like a chop-see in the English channel, was completed in January, cost \$10,000, cleared itself in three months, charges one dollar for the trip, and is crowded with business."

MILKING TIME.
The New York Herald thus notes the production of milk in what is called the Illinois dairy. In that city:
Let not those who have believed in modern dairy poetry of classic loveliness be led astray with the idea that they are about to be introduced to the "pretty girl milking her cow," or that musical question and answer:
"Where are you going my pretty maiden?"
"To the milking of the cow," she said,
with its suggestion of laughing eyes, clean linen clothing, and sunny kerchiefs, and its vista of verdant pastures, dotted here and there with contented cows lying among the daisies and buttercups, can have any place in what is about to be described. Those who read the article descriptive of the Illinois dairy, and their eight hundred cows rotting in their own filth and all the hideous paraphernalia of swill-feeding, can understand that they are not going to be introduced to the traditional cow or the traditional milkmaid. Far from it—as far as swill-milk is from the pure product of the properly fed cow. The sheds where the poor beasts are kept to starve and rot were at the writer's previous visit but swill was running into the feeding (?) troughs. Now men are about with lanterns attending to the loading of the wagons with the swill milk. The chatter of milk cans could be heard mingled with the fearful oaths of the man-brutes as they struck some unfortunate cow with a heavy club to make her stand over for milking. The pump handle was kept in constant operation, and the water had an unusual clatter as it struck the bottom of the can. These milk vendors keep the pump in constant use to make up the quantity of swill milk demanded by unsophisticated people along their routes. The scene within the sheds was capable of making one forewarned the use of milk. Fifty heifers were milking the poor beasts. Many of the cows had great lumps on their udders, and when the teat was down the poor animals actually howled from pain. Each pipe sat on a low stool and pressed his head against the cow's flank. Almost all of the wretched cows short filthy black pipes, which with their lumpy black faces, made them bear a closer resemblance than usual to fiends.

The tails of milk in are hardly fit to carry with in to well kept hogs and rival the bipeds' faces in filthiness. The paws of the bipeds, judging from present appearances, have not seen soap and water for the last decade. Every now and then the bipeds' heads, which are driven into the cows' flanks, knock off some of the eaked filth and it drops into the tails of slops (milk); the filthy paw is then plunged into the milk and the piece of manure removed. How much filth is removed from the paw? The stench alone is enough to contaminate the milk, even if the cows were well fed. The milk which was sampled by the writer has a pungent and unpalatable taste of a bluish-white appearance.

A Parisian manufacturer has received an order from Turkey for a large number of white shirts upon which extracts from the Koran are to be printed in sky blue letters. Upon a number of white wooden undershirts is stamped the signature of Mohammed. Turkish men are intended for distribution in Turkish soldiers when upon especially dangerous duty, to stimulate their courage under the impression that they are talismans.

Professor Proctor says the earth is growing larger. We are glad to learn it for real estate has shrunk fearfully in the past three years.

A portion of the great meteor which passed over northern Vermont a few weeks ago is reported found near the town of Jay, embedded about four feet in the earth. It is said to have the appearance of iron ore, lava and soapstone, and to weigh about two tons. Report says this is the largest aerolite ever discovered in this country.

LITERARY NOTICES.
ST. NICHOLAS FOR JUNE is as bright as the sunshine, and full of June's breeziness and cheer. The frontispiece is a fine picture of "A June Morning" and the story of the month. The frontispiece is a fine picture of "A June Morning" and the story of the month. The frontispiece is a fine picture of "A June Morning" and the story of the month.

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